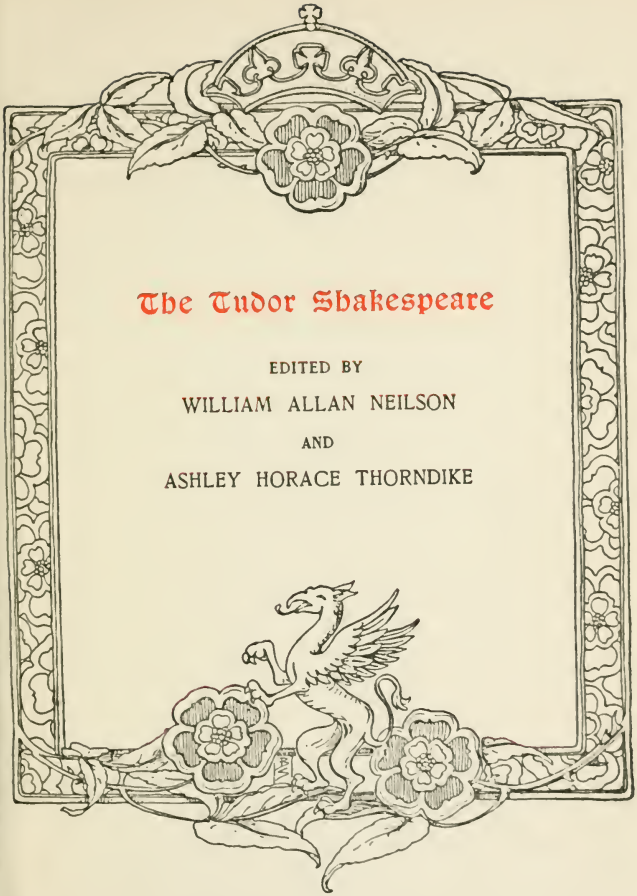
· THE · TUDOR · SHAKESPEARE ·

· TIMON · OF · ATHENS ·

HOZ
PENSE
SEMPER EADEM

BRANCH,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
LIBRARY,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

AND

ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO
DALLAS · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

The Tudor Shakespeare is published in thirty-nine volumes, including all of the plays and poems, each under the special editorship of an American scholar. The general editors are WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, Ph.D., of Harvard University, and ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE, Ph.D., L.H.D., of Columbia University.

Romeo and Juliet — The GENERAL EDITORS.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream — JOHN W. CUNLIFFE, D.Lit., Professor of English, Columbia University.

Macbeth — ARTHUR C. L. BROWN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Northwestern University.

Henry IV, Part I — FRANK W. CHANDLER, Ph.D., Professor of English and Comparative Literature, University of Cincinnati.

Troilus and Cressida — JOHN S. P. TATLOCK, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Michigan.

Henry V — LEWIS F. MOTT, Ph.D., Professor of English, College of the City of New York.

The Merchant of Venice — HARRY M. AYRES, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, Columbia University.

As You Like It — MARTHA H. SHACKFORD, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College.

Coriolanus — STUART P. SHERMAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Illinois.

Henry VI, Part I — LOUISE POUND, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, University of Nebraska.

Henry VIII — CHARLES G. DUNLAP, Litt.D., Professor of English Literature, University of Kansas.

Comedy of Errors — FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Washington.

King John — HENRY M. BELDEN, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Missouri.

King Lear — VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE, Ph.D., Dean of Barnard College.

Much Ado About Nothing — WILLIAM W. LAWRENCE, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, Columbia University.

Love's Labour's Lost — JAMES F. ROYSTER, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of North Carolina.

Henry IV, Part II — ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM, Ph.D., Professor of English, Smith College.

Richard III — GEORGE B. CHURCHILL, Ph.D., Professor of English, Amherst College.

The Winter's Tale — LAURA J. WYLIE, Ph.D., Professor of English, Vassar College.

Othello — THOMAS M. PARROTT, Ph.D., Professor of English, Princeton University.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona — MARTIN W. SAMPSON, A.M., Goldwin Smith Professor of English Literature, Cornell University.

All's Well that Ends Well — JOHN L. LOWES, Ph.D., Professor of English, Washington University, St. Louis.

Richard II — HARDIN CRAIG, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Minnesota.

Measure for Measure — EDGAR C. MORRIS, A.M., Professor of English, Syracuse University.

Twelfth Night — WALTER MORRIS HART, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, University of California.

The Taming of the Shrew — FREDERICK TUPPER, Jr., Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Vermont.

Julius Cæsar — ROBERT M. LOVETT, A.B., Professor of English, University of Chicago.

Timon of Athens — ROBERT HUNTINGTON FLETCHER, Ph.D., Professor of English Literature, Grinnell College, Iowa.

Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece — CARLETON BROWN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Bryn Mawr College.

Henry VI, Part III — ROBERT ADGER LAW, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of English, the University of Texas.

Cymbeline — WILL D. HOWE, Ph.D., Professor of English, Indiana University.

Merry Wives of Windsor — FRED P. EMERY, A.M., Professor of English, Dartmouth College.

Titus Andronicus — ELMER E. STOLL, Ph.D.

Pericles — C. ALPHONSO SMITH, Ph.D., Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English, University of Virginia.

The Sonnets — RAYMOND M. ALDEN, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Illinois.

Hamlet — GEORGE PIERCE BAKER, A.B., Professor of Dramatic Literature, Harvard University.

Henry VI, Part II — CHARLES H. BARNWELL, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Alabama.

The Tempest — HERBERT E. GREENE, Ph.D., Professor of English, Johns Hopkins University.

Antony and Cleopatra — GEORGE WYLLYS BENEDICT, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, Brown University.

Francis Bacon

after the portrait by Paul van Somer

THE TUDOR SHAKESPEARE

The Life of Timon of Athens

EDITED BY

ROBERT HUNTINGTON FLETCHER, PH.D.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
IN GRINNELL COLLEGE, IOWA

46301

New York
The Macmillan Company
1922

All rights reserved

The Text used is the Neilson Text copyrighted in 1906
by William Allan Neilson

Copyright, 1913
By The Macmillan Company

First edition of this issue of "The Life of Timon of Athens"
printed January, 1913

2754
N31
v.32
cop.2

Introduction

Text.—*Timon of Athens* was apparently first printed in the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays, 1623, for no quarto is known, and the play was recorded on the Stationers' Register on November 8, 1623, to Jaggard and Blount (who were among the publishers of the First Folio) as one of the plays of that volume "not formerly entred to other men." The Folio is therefore the only authority for the text. Certain irregularities in the pagination and make-up of the Folio prove that *Timon* was inserted in the place originally intended for *Troilus and Cressida*, but these facts cannot be shown to bear on the questions of date and authorship.[1]

Authorship. — In printing, the text is one of the worst in the Folio. It presents much impossible punctuation, considerable confusion of verse and prose — verse printed as prose and *vice versa* — and many difficult or unintelligible readings. But these faults were no doubt chiefly caused by the printers' haste and bungling, or by imperfections in the manuscript. The main difficulty goes deeper. In the light of the results of modern scholarship it is clear, as was first pointed out by Charles Knight in 1838, that large portions of the play are not by Shakespeare. About half of it, or a little less, is in his peculiar style, and shows

[1] See Introduction, *Troilus and Cressida*, viii, ix; and Joseph Quincy Adams, "Timon of Athens and Irregularities in the First Folio," *Journal Eng. and Germ. Phil.*, 1908.

all the grasp of character and situation, the emotional intensity, the skill in dramatic presentation, and the terse imaginative expression, of his mature genius in its full creative activity. Of some other passages, less imaginative in character, it is impossible to judge certainly whether they are Shakespeare's or not. A third group of passages are inferior to anything that we elsewhere have from his pen. Some of them add nothing to the plot, some of them may actually be said to confuse it, and they are generally insipid in substance. Their author, besides, is a sorry tyro in versification — his lines very often have either too few syllables or too many, he shifts from verse to prose and back again with amateurish uncertainty, and in some cases his rhythm hangs ambiguous between verse and prose. Moreover, he uses rhyme much more freely than does Shakespeare in his mature period. There has been much discussion as to the relation of the two authors in the work, but recent analysis [1] seems to have settled the main question, demonstrating that Shakespeare was the earlier writer, and that the inferior one attempted, hurriedly and carelessly, to complete or revise what he began. For apart from confusion of plot, few or none of the passages that on the score of style are to be assigned to the second author make any independent use of the sources which have been found for the play and must have been used by the earlier author. Beyond this there is no evidence about the method of composition. It is possible that Shakespeare may have written a complete play and

[1] See especially E. H. Wright, *The Authorship of Timon of Athens*, New York., 1910. To this work the present edition is frequently indebted.

that some of the scenes may have been lost, but it seems much more likely that he composed first the scenes which most appealed to him, and then failed to finish. Why he stopped can only be conjectured. Perhaps he became dissatisfied when he found that the story had not attained breadth and action in the working, or perhaps he wearied of its bitter mood. The second writer does not seem to follow any outline given by Shakespeare, and it is hard to suppose that he worked with Shakespeare's authorization. In any case, he may have replaced some of Shakespeare's passages with others of his own. To his identity there is no clue. His style does not especially suggest that of any known author of the period. Certainly there is no foundation for the suggestion sometimes made that he was the George Wilkins who may very likely have been co-author with Shakespeare in *Pericles*.

Date of Composition. — There is no definite external evidence for the date. Internal evidence, slightly weakened by the bad printing and doubt about the authorship of certain scenes, points to about 1606–1608 for the Shakespearean parts. These have a considerable proportion of "run-on" lines and feminine endings and a fair sprinkling of "weak" and "light" endings, with little rhyme. Furthermore, not only are the general dramatic and poetic characteristics those of Shakespeare's maturity, but the mood and theme of the play add evidence to corroborate that of the verse tests. As a scathing portrayal of the baseness of human nature Timon is akin to *King Lear* and *Coriolanus;* and the central character, the action, and some of the speeches seem particularly to relate it to these

plays, which were probably acted about 1605 and 1608 respectively. It may be added that one of the main sources for the play, the account of Timon in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, forms a paragraph in the source which Shakespeare used for *Antony and Cleopatra*, a work which verse-tests also place about 1607–1608. At what time between the date of Shakespeare's writing and 1623 the second author made his additions, no one can say. He may have been called on by the managers of Shakespeare's company to finish the play when there was need of something new for presentation, either before or after Shakespeare's death, or possibly, though not probably, for the purpose of publication in the Folio.

Sources of the Plot. — Timon, the title-character, though very few details of his life have come down to us, was a real person who lived in Athens during the latter part of the fifth century B.C., the period of the Peloponnesian War. As early as 415 B.C. the Athenian comic dramatists began to refer to him as a well-known man-hater, and from that time on the legend about him grew, until in Greek and later in Latin literature he stood as a prominent type figure. The Renaissance revived his fame in Western Europe, and there are many allusions to him by Elizabethan writers. Shakespeare himself mentions him in *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. iii. 170).

Shakespeare's most certain direct source for his play was the passage already referred to, an incidental one of about six hundred words in North's translation (1579) of Amyot's French version of Plutarch's *Life of Mark Antony*. Plutarch begins by saying that Antony, after his defeat

at Actium, lived for some time in solitude, imitating Timon, who had likewise suffered from the unthankfulness of his friends. He adds a few other details, all of which are used in the latter part of the play. Shakespeare seems also to have had in mind the free rendering of the same passage of Plutarch in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). Further, Shakespeare drew a little from Plutarch's *Life of Alcibiades:* and in view of what has already been said it may be significant that the Roman whom Plutarch, according to his custom, pairs with Alcibiades for comparison is Coriolanus. From others of Plutarch's *Lives* Shakespeare may have taken the names (anachronistically Latin, most of them, instead of Greek) for almost all the secondary characters.

Another ultimate source, though not, perhaps, in any sense a direct one, is a delightful dialogue, *Timon the Misanthrope*, by the Greek satirist Lucian. This furnishes (together with a good deal that was unavailable for Shakespeare) much that is essential in the play, in the first three acts as well as later. A detail or two in Lucian which reappear in Shakespeare are not in the other known sources, and though Lucian in Greek probably was not accessible to him, there were translations in Latin, French, and Italian which may have been. Still, there is some force in the argument that if Shakespeare had had the whole of Lucian's dialogue at hand he would probably have drawn more largely from it, and the spirit of the play has much more violence and vastly less humor than the dialogue; so that the question of direct relation between the two works remains somewhat doubtful. Almost any interme-

diate form that one likes might be conjectured as Shakespeare's direct source.

In fact, Shakespeare could have found almost all the mere incidents common to him and Lucian in a very crude English comedy, which was written apparently about 1600, perhaps at Oxford or Cambridge University. Further, this production contains not only comic sub-actions which do not appear in Shakespeare, but also the two important details of the faithful steward and the pretended banquet which are not known in any other version of the story. Many critics, believing the comedy to be merely academic, have doubted if Shakespeare could have been acquainted with it, and have preferred to assume that there was another play on Timon, now lost, from which, perhaps, Shakespeare drew the details just mentioned and also all of his material which goes ultimately back to Lucian. But there is really no difficulty in supposing that Shakespeare knew the extant comedy, so that the assumption of another play or any other source for the incidents common to the two extant plays is not necessary.

Finally, the character of Shakespeare's cynic, Apemantus (who was mentioned by Plutarch) is similar to that of Diogenes as represented in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* (a little after 1580), and may perhaps have been influenced by it; though the greater part of the Apemantus passages in our play are probably or possibly by the inferior author. There is no sign that Shakespeare used two Italian comedies on Timon, based on Lucian, which were written in the last decade of the fifteenth century by Boi-

ardo and Caretto, nor that he used the account of Timon in Barckley's *Discourse of the Felicity of Man* (1598).

To sum up the matter of sources:[1] Shakespeare certainly drew from the passage on Timon in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* as translated by North and perhaps by Painter; he made a little incidental use of some of Plutarch's other lives, at least that of Alcibiades; he used probably the old English play and certainly either Lucian's dialogue in some form or else some lost work based on it; and he may have taken hints for the character of Apemantus from Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*. However, in this case as always, Shakespeare's sources serve him only as starting points. In his own treatment he rounds out with other incidents and scenes the rather bare outline supplied him; he adds new actors; and in particular he develops the characters and makes their moods and actions profoundly real by means of that incisive knowledge of men and life which constitutes so large a part of his power.

Division of the Play between the Two Authors. — The following list attempts to designate the parts of the play which are by Shakespeare.[2] We have already said that

[1] See W. H. Clemons, "The Sources of *Timon of Athens*," *Princeton University Bulletin*, vol. xv.

[2] Mr. Fleay's ascriptions to Shakespeare are: Act I: i. 1–184; 249–264; 283–293. Act II: i; ii, 1–45, 132–194, 205–242. Act III: vi, 95–115. Act IV: i; ii. 1–29; iii. 1–291; 363–398; 414–453. Act V: i, 58–231; ii; iv.

Dr. Wright's ascriptions to Shakespeare are: Act I: i. Act II: i; ii, 1–46, 133–242 (except one line). Act III: i; ii; vi. Act IV: i; ii, 1–29; iii, 1–291, 376–463, 479–508, 530–543. Act V: i; ii; iv.

in the acceptance of certain parts and the rejection of certain others competent critics are and must be in virtually unanimous agreement, and that about other parts there is still difference of opinion. There may be brief interpolations by the other author not here indicated.

Act I: scene i, 1–175; and perhaps to the end; at any rate, probably all the verse.

Act II: scene i; scene ii (except ll. 47–132 and perhaps 197, 198).

Act III: perhaps scenes i and ii (except probably the last speech in scene i and the present form of the last twenty-five lines of ii); in scene iv perhaps the last sixteen lines, though not in their present form; scene vi, at least ll. 95–115.

Act IV: scene i; scene ii, 1–29; scene iii, 1–291, 376 (or 364) to 463, 479–508, now in garbled form, 530 to end.

Act V: scene i, at least from l. 58 on; probably scene ii; scene iv.

This list shows, it will be observed, that Shakespeare wrote almost all the last two acts, the other author a large part of the other three.

Some critics, beginning with Mr. Fleay, have supposed that all the portions in prose belong to the second author; but it is a regular habit of Shakespeare, as of other Elizabethan dramatists, to mingle prose with his verse.

The main substance of the scenes above specified is this: Timon appears in prosperity, a lavish patron of flocks of sycophants, chiefly of the upper classes, with one true friend, Alcibiades (who appears only incidentally at first), and with a faithful steward. We learn later (faultily late,

artistically) that Timon has rendered the greatest services to Athens, having saved her by his wealth and by his generalship. With Timon is contrasted, throughout, the currish cynic Apemantus. Timon's generosity ruins him, he is pressed by creditors, and both the Athenian Senate as a body and his false friends and beneficiaries individually, refuse his appeals for loans. Goaded into savage misanthropy, he invites the sycophants to a pretended banquet, where he mocks and assaults them. Then he forsakes Athens for a cave in the adjacent woods. Digging for roots, he unearths a great treasure of buried gold. Alcibiades, who has been unjustly banished from Athens, comes by with his mistresses and his army, which he is leading against the city. In spite of the sincere sympathy and friendliness which Alcibiades expresses, Timon curses him because he is a man, nevertheless giving gold to him and to the women to aid them in injuring mankind. Timon fiercely rebuffs representatives of the repentant Senate who come to beg him to act as general against Alcibiades. Alcibiades, before the walls of Athens, consents to spare the city on condition of punishment being meted out to the guilty enemies of himself and Timon. The play ends with the announcement of Timon's death (the cause of which is not stated) and the description of his grave on the sea-shore.

Both in length and in structure these scenes make only a fragmentary drama. They lack dramatic "action" — salient incidents as distinguished from dialogue, a stirring struggle in the outer world of action — and dramatic breadth and complexity. While Timon's character and its

painful transformation are truly and powerfully though incompletely rendered, the force which wrecks him, human baseness, is not embodied in a correspondingly interesting and active character. Indeed, there is no other single character of large importance. The play has no Iago, no Goneril and Regan, nor even such a secondary group as Duncan, Banquo, and Macduff. It has been truly said that the scenes constitute rather a didactic poem than an acting drama. We have already suggested that this may have been the reason which led Shakespeare to drop the play. The Alcibiades action, also, viewed by itself, as Shakespeare's scenes stand, is similarly unsatisfactory. Alcibiades, with his more practical nature and his capacity for forgiveness, is introduced into the play partly as a foil to Timon, standing above him in judgment as the shallow cynic Apemantus stands below him in spirit, and Alcibiades' concluding act of pardon, as often happens in Shakespeare's tragedies, illumines the end of the play with peace and hope for better things. But the Alcibiades action is incomplete in itself — nothing is told of the cause of Alcibiades' banishment; and it is too slightly interwoven with the story of Timon — Timon's wrongs should have been connected with Alcibiades' wrongs, and in a less superficial way with Alcibiades' revenge. Shakespeare may very probably have intended, before he abandoned the play, to supply these omissions by adding scenes in the first half. The second author (if the theory here followed is correct) has recognized them and tries specifically to remedy the first one by inserting the scene (III. v.) of Alcibiades' banishment: but he, also, fails to relate this with the Timon action. In his other scenes, leaving out

of account a few doubtful ones which do properly belong to the plot, the second author has merely resorted to the common devices of inferior Elizabethan dramatists for filling out too scanty stories — adding coarse and often stupid jesting, unnecessary repetition of one of the original motifs, or elaborate spectacle.

Interpretation. — Perhaps the only important matter of appreciative interpretation not yet sufficiently suggested is the delightful and whole-hearted nobility of Timon's original nature. He ruins himself by self-indulgent recklessness, but this recklessness is only a form of generosity and is founded on the idealist's unqualified confidence that other men are like himself. The hopeless embittering of Timon's spirit results from the sudden revelation of extreme human baseness in the sordidly mean forms of hypocrisy, ingratitude, greed, and shameless heartlessness. Even at the end, when he is urging Alcibiades against Athens, he curses him in the same breath (IV. iii. 106) because " Thou wast born to conquer my country."

The play illustrates strikingly the carelessness in accuracy which Shakespeare shared with the other popular writers of his day when portraying the life of antiquity. He does not even faintly suggest the peculiar atmosphere of Athenian life or the intellectual, artistic, and political glory of the real Athens of Pericles and Sophocles. His corrupt and tyrannous Senate, the governing power in the state, has some resemblance to that of medieval Venice, which he had already presented in *Othello*, and to that of the Rome of Coriolanus as Plutarch portrays it, but none to the Athenian Areopagus of shadowy authority: and

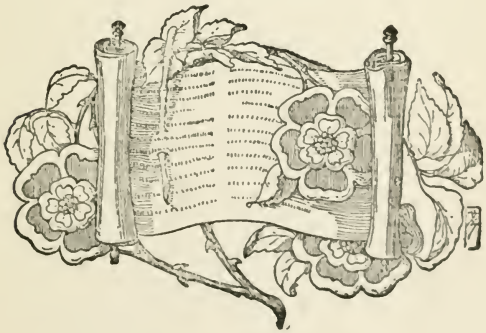
Shakespeare's numerous "lords" are about equally anachronistic as a class. Here, indeed, as in his other Greek plays, *Midsummer-Night's Dream, Troilus and Cressida*, and *Pericles*, Shakespeare's treatment is very different in effect from that in his Roman tragedies, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, where in vivifying his much fuller sources he has preserved to so large a degree the spirit of Roman times. From the *Alcibiades* of Plutarch also, Shakespeare has taken little but the name and the fact that Alcibiades, wronged by Athens, did for a time join her enemies.[1]

Stage History.— There is no certain evidence that the play was acted before its publication; nor does it seem to have been presented at any later time precisely in its original form. After the Restoration it was staged at several different times in altered versions. In 1678 Thomas Shadwell (unenviably immortalized as MacFlecknoe by Dryden) "made it into a play" by adding the inevitable Restoration love element, in the shape of two women, one (Evandra) true, and the other (Melissa) false to Timon. In minor ways also Shadwell injures the original. A hundred years later, in 1768, "James Love" (his

[1] Similarly, the mentions of money in the play exhibit Shakespeare's customary disregard for accuracy in details where accuracy would have added nothing to dramatic effectiveness. If Shakespeare was aware that the Attic talent was worth by weight £240 (say $1200), he certainly did not stop to reckon that Timon's demand of a thousand talents from the Senate (II. ii. 208) was equivalent to the impossible sum of $1,200,000. The other mentions of money are equally vague.

real name was Dance) acted and published a version which is chiefly made up from the original and from Shadwell. In 1771 Richard Cumberland produced another version at Drury Lane. He spoils the play by giving Timon a daughter, Evanthe, for whose love Lucius and Alcibiades are rivals: and he makes Timon's spirit soften before his death. In 1786 Thomas Hull of Covent Garden brought out another composite version of Shakespeare and Shadwell. Another revision acted at Drury Lane in 1816 is virtually only an abridgment of the original.

In at least one case the influence of Shakespeare's *Timon* extended across the Channel: for it seems to appear in *Le Dissipateur* of Destouches (1736), where, however, both character and plot are greatly changed.



The Life of Timon of Athens

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON of Athens.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } flattering lords.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.
APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.
FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,
SERVILIUS,
LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.

PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIUS, servants to usurers.
CAPHIS, servant to a senator.
Servants to Varro and Isidore.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian.
Three Strangers.
A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the Masque.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*]

The Life of Timon of Athens

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[*Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*]

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known;
But what particular rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness;
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here —
Mer. O, pray, let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that —
Poet. [*Reading from his poem.*]

"When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."

Mer. [*Looking at the jewel.*] 'Tis a good form.
Jew. And rich. Here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis. This comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in this lip! To the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature. Artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators [*and pass over*].

Pain. How this lord is followed!
Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!
Pain. Look, moe!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax. No levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as

Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states. Amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor [*a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following*].

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt.
His means most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honourable letter he desires

To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him. I will send his ransom;
And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! *Exit.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so. What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love. I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young and apt.
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.
Tim. [*To Lucilius.*] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

Exeunt [*Lucilius and Old Athenian*].

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it. Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; give me your hand.
We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give; but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here; will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. You're a dog.
Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest. Look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had my angry will to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]
You must needs dine with me; go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you. When dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
Exeunt [*all but Apemantus*].

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1. Lord. That time serves still.
Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.
2. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
2. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
2. Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
1. Lord. Hang thyself!
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.
2. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. *Exit.*
1. Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2. Lord. He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward. No meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
1. Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.
2. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
1. Lord. I'll keep you company. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

[*A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*]

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet serv'd in; [*Flavius and others attending;*] *then enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords,* [*Alcibiades,*] *and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius. You mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!
Tim. Nay, my lords,
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]
Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]
1. Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have you not?
Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.
Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl. Ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, "*ira furor brevis est;*" but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon. I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men. Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him; 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes. Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee

and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.
This and my food are equals ; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't.
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

1. Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you; how had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? They were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's

fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be
born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water,
methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! *Tucket, within.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies
most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my
lord, which bears that office, to signify their
pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*]
1. Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

[*Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies, as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*]

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me; 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind.
You have added worth unto't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for't.

1. [*Lady*]. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you; Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

Exeunt [*Cupid and Ladies*].

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. — More jewels yet! [*Aside.*]
There is no crossing him in's humour;
Else I should tell him, well, i' faith, I should;
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Exit.

1. Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. Lord. Our horses!

[*Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.*]

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you honour me so much
As to advance this jewel. Accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.
1. Lord. I am so far already in your gifts, —
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the Senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.
Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near! why then, another time I'll hear thee.
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.
Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

[*2.*] *Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

3. Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer;
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word. He is so kind that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. *Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

1. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect.
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1. Lord. We are so virtuously bound —

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2. Lord. So infinitely endear'd —

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

1. Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
Exeunt [*all but Apemantus and Timon*].
Apem. What a coil's here
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.
Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly. What needs these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?
Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. *Exit.*
Apem. So;
Thou wilt not hear me now. Thou shalt not, then;
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *Exit.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[*A Senator's house.*]

Enter Senator [*with papers in his hand*].

Sen. And late, five thousand; to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon; why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when
"Commend me to your master," and the cap

Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own. His days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. "I go, sir!" — Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt.

Scene II

[*The same. A hall in Timon's house.*]

Enter Steward [*Flavius*], *with many bills in his hand.*

[*Flav.*] No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him, nor resume no care

Of what is to continue; never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis [*and the Servants of*] *Isidore and Varro.*

Caph. Good even, Varro. What,
You come for money?
Var. [*Serv.*] Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. [*Serv.*] It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. [*Serv.*] I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon [*with Alcibiades*] *and his train.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. — With me what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month.
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord, —
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. [*Serv.*] One Varro's servant, my good lord, —
Isid. [*Serv.*] From Isidore.
He humbly prays your speedy payment.
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants —
Var. [*Serv.*] 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past.
Isid. [*Serv.*] Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.
[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*]
[*To Flav.*] Come hither. Pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encount'red
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
[*Flav.*] Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business.
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*]

[*Flav.*] Pray, draw near. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus; let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. [*Serv.*] Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. [*Serv.*] A plague upon him, dog!

Var. [*Serv.*] How dost, Fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. [*Serv.*] I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool.*] Come away.

Isid. [*Serv.*] There's the Fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the Fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All [*Serv.*]. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All [*Serv.*]. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All [*Serv.*]. Gramercies, good Fool; how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. *Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All [*Serv.*]. Ay; would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All [*Serv.*]. Ay, Fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant; my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. [*Serv.*] I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. [*Serv.*] What is a whoremaster, Fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometime 't appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. [*Serv.*] Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All [*Serv.*]. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Steward [*Flavius*].

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow, lover, elder brother, and woman, sometime the philosopher.

Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.

[*Flav.*] Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

Exeunt [*Servants*].

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

[*Flav.*] You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to!
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

[*Flav.*] O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, too late, — yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

[*Flav.*] 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

[*Flav.*] O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

[*Flav.*] If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

[*Flav.*] Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

[*Flav.*] Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,

46301

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! [Flaminius!] Servilius!

Enter three Servants [*Flaminius, Servilius, and another*].

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally; you to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his honour to-day; you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money. Let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

[*Flav. Aside.*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus! Hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators —
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing — bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

[*Flav.*] I have been bold —
For that I knew it the most general way —
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

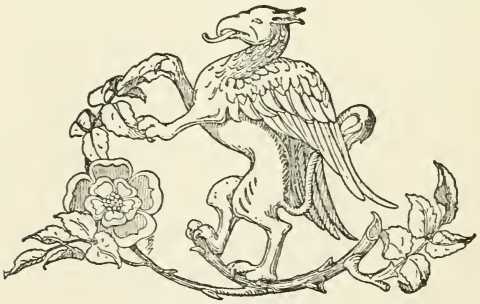
Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

[*Flav.*] They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry — you are honourable, —
But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis pity; —
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Ser.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be rememb'red
With those five talents. [*Exit Ser.*] [*To Flav.*] That
had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Never speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
[*Flav.*] I would I could not think it! That thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. *Exeunt.*



ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[A room in Lucullus' house.]

Flaminius waiting to speak with a Lord from his master. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? A gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! "nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit — give thee thy due — and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well; good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Fla-

minius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!
[*Throwing the money back.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. *Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! *Exit.*

Scene II

[*A public place.*]

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't and showed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deni'd.

Luc. How!

2. Stran. I tell you, deni'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! Now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man! There was very little honour show'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses

from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honour'd lord, — [*To Lucius.*]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the meantime he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happ'ned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do, — the more beast, I say: — I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once deni'd will hardly speed. *Exit.*

1. Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2. Stran. Ay, too well.

1. Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet — O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape! —
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. Stran. Religion groans at it.

1. Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience.

Exeunt.

Scene III

[*A room in Sempronius' house.*]

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius, another of Timon's friends.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't, — hum! — 'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they deni'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deni'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over; must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have wooed me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him;
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No!
So I may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.
Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't; and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire;
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
Exit.

Scene IV

[*The same. A hall in Timon's house.*]

Enter Varro's men, meeting [*Titus and*] *others, all* [*servants of*] *Timon's creditors, to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.*

[*1.*] *Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius,
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And Sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him.
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness.
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
[*1.*] *Var.* [*Serv.*] Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's yours?
Luc. Five thousand mine.
[*1.*] *Var.* [*Serv.*] 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. *Exit.*

Enter Steward [*Flavius*] *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
2. Var. [*Serv.*] By your leave, sir, —
[*Flav.*] What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
[*Flav.*] Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly.
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

[*Flav.*] If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. *Exit.*

1. Var. [*Serv.*] How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2. Var. [*Serv.*] No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers are not sick;
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. (*Within.*) Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage [*Flaminius following*].

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Here's mine.
1. Var. [*Serv.*] And mine, my lord.
2. Var. [*Serv.*] And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Alas, my lord, —
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? and yours?
1. Var. [*Serv.*] My lord, —
2. Var. [*Serv.*] My lord, —
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
Exit.

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money. These debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon [*and Flavius*].

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors? Devils!
[*Flav.*] My dear lord, —
Tim. What if it should be so?
[*Flav.*] My lord, —
Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!
[*Flav.*] Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius;
[Ventidius,] all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
[*Flav.*] O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul.
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all. Let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
Exeunt.

Scene V

[*The same. The senate-house.*]

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate!
1. Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice —
An honour in him which buys out his fault —
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe;
And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
1. Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
Alcib. My lord, —
1. Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats, sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good.
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em.
He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner;
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.
1. Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him —
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none — yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both;
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1. Sen. We are for law. He dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
Alcib. Must it be so? It must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2. Sen. How?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3. Sen. What?
Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deni'd such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1. Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage! Banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly!
1. Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.
Exeunt [*Senators*].
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
Exit.

Scene VI

[*The same. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*]

[*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending.*] *Enter divers friends* [*Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, Ventidius, and other Lords, Senators and others,*] *at several doors.*

1. Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encount'red. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1. Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1. Lord. A thousand pieces.

2. Lord. A thousand pieces!

1. Lord. What of you?

2. Lord. He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1. Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay; feast your ears with the music a while, if they will fare so harshly. O' the trumpet's sound we shall to't presently.

1. Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. Lord. My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

The banquet brought in.

2. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together!

2. Lord. All cover'd dishes!

1. Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1. Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3. Lord. Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

1. and 2. Lord. Alcibiades banish'd!

3. Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. Lord. How! how!

2. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2. Lord. This is the old man still.

3. Lord. Will't hold? Will't hold?

2. Lord. It does; but time will — and so —

3. Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool with that spur as he

would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place; sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains; if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. The rest of your foes, O gods — the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap!

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! Smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villainy.
[*Throwing the water in their faces.*]
Live loath'd and long.
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first — thou too — and thou; —
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! *Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1. Lord. How now, my lords!
2. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3. Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
4. Lord. I have lost my gown.
1. Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humours sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?
[*3.*] *Lord.* Did you see my cap?
[*2.*] *Lord.* Here 'tis.
4. Lord. Here lies my gown.
1. Lord. Let's make no stay.
2. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
3. Lord. I feel't upon my bones.
4. Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. *Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*Without the walls of Athens.*]

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire;
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,

And let confusion live! — Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound — hear me, you good gods all,—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. *Exit.*

Scene II

[*Athens. A room in Timon's house.*]

Enter Steward [*Flavius,*] *with two or three Servants.*

1. Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

[*Flav.*] Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

[*Flav.*] All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat. We must all part
Into this sea of air.

[*Flav.*] Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more!
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
Servants embrace, and part several ways.
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, bless'd to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. *Exit.*

Scene III

Woods [*and cave, near the seashore*].

Enter Timon [*from the cave*].

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser; not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer"? If one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
Destruction fang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !
[*Digging.*]
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?
Gold ? Yellow, glittering, precious gold ! No, gods,
I am no idle votarist ; roots, you clear heavens !
Thus much of this will make black white, foul
fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods ! why this ? What this, you gods ?
Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench. This is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damn'd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that puts odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. (*March afar off.*) Ha ! a
drum ? Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee ; thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I do not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still. They love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold! Go on, — here's gold, — go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honour'd Age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me;
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon; hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant. You are not oathable, —
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats; yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead — some that were hang'd,
No matter; — wear them, betray with them. Whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold; what then?
Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly; hoar the flamen,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There's more gold;
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum toward Athens! Farewell, Timon!
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats.*] *Exeunt* [*Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra*].

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness.
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*]
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! — O, a root: dear thanks! —
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee.
O, thou shalt find —

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown d before;
The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish : best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sug'red game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows ; I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden :
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given ?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him a root.*]

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.
Tim. On what I hate I feed not.
Apem. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An thou'dst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd?
Apem. Myself.
Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.
Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee. If thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee. If thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the ass. If thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse. Wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard. Wert thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to

a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightest have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter; the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swound to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]
Apem. Beast!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold.*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That sold'rest close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Throng'd to!
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I prithee.
Apem. Live, and love thy misery.
Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.
Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them. *Exit Apemantus.*

Enter Banditti.

1. Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.
2. Ban. It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.
3. Ban. Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?
2. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.
1. Ban. Is not this he?
Banditti. Where?
2. Ban. 'Tis his description.
3. Ban. He; I know him.
Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1. Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement; each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Has uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut-throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal [no] less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

3. Ban. Has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1. Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens.
There is no time so miserable but a man may be true. *Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter the Steward [*Flavius, who remains at a distance*].

[*Flav.*] O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye. I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. [*Coming forward.*]
My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

[*Flav.*] Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

[*Flav.*] An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not.
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

[*Flav.*] The gods are witness,
Never did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weep? Come nearer. Then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
[*Flav.*] I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man — mistake me not — but one;
No more, I pray, — and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou mightst have sooner got another service;
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure —
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

[*Flav.*] No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast.
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty, and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take; the gods out of my misery
Ha' sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs

What thou deniest to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell and thrive.
[*Flav.*] O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
Exit [*Flavius. Timon retires to his cave*].

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[*The woods. Before Timon's cave.*]

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him. He likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else. You shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his. It will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

Enter Timon from his cave.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.
Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. [*Aside.*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave.
To thee be worship and thy saints for aye!
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain. Our late noble master!
Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fallen off
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough.
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are
Make them best seen and known.
Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water? No?
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
Tim. Ye're honest men; ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have. Speak truth; ye're honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.
Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens; thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So so, my lord.
Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. — And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault.
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold.
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way and you this, but two in company,
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where thou art two villains shall not be,
[*To one.*]
Come not near him. — If thou wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon. —
[*To the other.*]
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves.
[*To Painter.*] You have work for me; there's payment for you; hence!
[*To Poet.*] You are an alchemist; make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*]

Enter Steward [*Flavius*] *and two Senators.*

[*Flav.*] It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.
1. Sen. Bring us to his cave;
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.
2. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
[*Flav.*] Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,

By two of their most reverend Senate, greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comforts, burn! Speak, and be hang'd.
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1. Sen. Worthy Timon, —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

1. Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1. Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority; so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. Sen. Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,

Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

[*Flav.*] Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1. Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

1. Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

2. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
1. Sen. I like this well; he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.
[*Flav.*] Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end!
What is amiss plague and infection mend!

Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
Exit.

1. Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2. Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1. Sen. It requires swift foot.
Exeunt.

Scene II

[*Before the walls of Athens.*]

Enter two other Senators and a Messenger.

1. Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd. Are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1. Sen. Here come our brothers.
3. Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes' the snare. *Exeunt.*

Scene III

The woods [near the sea. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen].

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span.
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill,

An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.
Exit.

Scene IV

Before Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lasceivious town
Our terrible approach. *A parley sounded.*

The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself, "No more!" Now breathless Wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy Insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1. Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,

Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means.
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1. Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your grief; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread.
By decimation, and a tithed death —
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths — take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

1. Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take

On those that are, revenge; crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended; like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1. Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
Fall and no more; and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter [*Soldier*].

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. (*Reads the epitaph.*) "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft.
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate.
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. *Exeunt.*

Notes

The list of *Dramatis Personæ* in the Folio is carelessly compiled. As usual, the correct list, and likewise the stage directions of place, are the work of Rowe (1709) and later editors. Here, as in other plays, the Folio has some stage directions of action, to which editors have added. The Folio prints *Actus Primus, Scæna Prima* at the beginning, but has no other act or scene divisions. Rowe continued them through the play, but his arrangement has since been revised. The accepted arrangement, followed in the present edition, is probably as good as any, but in fact the conventional five-act scheme does not fit the play well in any form.

I. i. **Enter Poet,** etc. The Folio mentions a Mercer, who, however, has no part in the dialogue — a sign of haste or careless revision.

I. i. 1 ff. This scene, at least as far as l. 175, is unquestionably Shakespeare's. Not only is the style close-packed, but in other respects the scene is an excellent example of effective dramatic condensation. Note that the Poet and the Painter are talking by themselves, as are also the Jeweler and the Merchant. The language of all four is pretentiously affected, which largely accounts for its obscurity.

I. i. 4. **What strange.** What strange thing has happened?

I. i. 5. **record.** Accent on the last syllable, as often in Shakespeare.

I. i. 12. **passes.** Surpasses.

I. i. 14. **touch the estimate.** Pay the price.

I. i. 24, 25. Incites itself, and, like the current, takes fresh motion from the bank it touches.

I. i. 27. As soon as I have presented my poem to Timon.

I. i. 31. The picture may perhaps be of Timon, but *his* is probably, as often in Shakespeare, equivalent to "its."

I. i. 37. **Artificial strife.** The strife of Art to emulate Nature.

I. i. 45–47. **My free . . . wax.** Herford explains: "My spontaneous tribute is not a struggling isolated current of opinion, but waves in consort with a tide of literary eulogy" (wax being used to cover writing-tablets).

I. i. 47, 48. **No levell'd malice . . . hold.** No satirical intent prejudices the smallest part (*summa*) of my course.

I. i. 49. "My poem" or some similar phrase, must be understood as the subject of *flies*.

I. i. 50. **no trace.** No trace, such as could be caused by personal satire.

I. i. 52. **all conditions.** People of all ranks and qualities.

I. i. 58. **glass-fac'd.** Because he merely reflects his patron's ideas.

I. i. 60. **abhor himself.** Protest against himself.

I. i. 64 ff. The allegory of the goddess Fortune, seated upon a mountain up whose sides men in continuous series struggle, attaining the highest point only to be dashed down, was one of the commonest ideas in medieval and

Renaissance thought and art. It is particularly appropriate here from its suggestion of Timon's history.

I. i. 65. **rank'd with all deserts.** Crowded with ranks of people in all stations.

I. i. 67. **propagate their states.** Advance their fortunes.

I. i. 72. **conceiv'd to scope.** Imagined to the purpose.

I. i. 76, 77. **well express'd In our condition.** Well expresses the condition of human life; or, perhaps, well expressed in our art (painting). In ll. 89 ff. the Painter seems to suggest the superiority of his art.

I. i. 82, 83. **and through him Drink the free air.** And breathe only by his permission.

I. i. 93. **mean eyes.** Eyes of inferior persons.

I. i. 94. The lowest above the highest.

I. i. 129. Apparently means: Therefore he will be honest (honorable) enough to desist from his suit.

I. i. 133. **precedent.** Those of our past lives.

I. i. 144. **bond.** Obligation. Men ought to do friendly things.

I. i. 151. A double meaning: which does not come from you and which I shall not regard as belonging to you.

I. i. 157–160. Paintings are almost more truly real than men themselves; for men pretend outwardly to be what they are not.

I. i. 165. Has received a weight of praise which overburdens it.

I. i. 171. **prized by.** Take their value from.

I. i. 176–184. These lines also are very likely Shakespeare's, the more so because they, like the previous passage, are in verse, and because the appearance of Apemantus

has been prepared for in l. 59. The following prose lines, through 248, though more doubtful, may also be Shakespeare's, since they serve to contrast Timon and Apemantus, and are not altogether insipid.

I. i. 179. Until I *am* gentle, as you call me, I shall not greet you.

I. i. 186, 187. **by thy name.** A knave; cf. l. 180.

I. i. 199. **innocence.** Harmlessness, lack of the positive badness which I should have expected from you.

I. i. 229. **him.** Timon.

I. i. 249–264. This verse passage sounds like Shakespeare's, and moreover connects Alcibiades with Timon.

I. i. 251. **of companionship.** Belonging to the same party.

I. i. 254. **Thank'd** may be monosyllabic, as printed, in pronunciation; since in such lines as this Shakespeare sometimes gives the strong medial pause metrical value.

I. i. 257. **Aches.** *Ache* was pronounced like our letter *h*, and *aches* was dissyllabic.

I. i. 261. **sav'd.** Anticipated, and so prevented.

I. i. 265–283. These lines seem less probably Shakespeare's than any others in the scene. They serve little purpose.

I. i. 291. **use of quittance.** Customary repayment.

I. ii. Almost certainly the second author's, with the possible exception of scattered lines.

I. ii. 13. **faults that are rich are fair.** The faults of rich men are condoned.

I. ii. 22. A rather clumsy allusion to the proverb, "Confess and be hanged." Cf. *Othello*, IV. i. 37–39.

I. ii. 28. ***ira furor brevis est.*** From Horace's *Epistles*,

I. ii. 62, "Anger is a brief fury." A sign of the second author's work, since Shakespeare does not introduce trite scraps of Latin except in his early plays.

I. ii. 44. It was customary in Shakespeare's time for guests to bring their own knives.

I. ii. 45. It would be well for the food (for then the guests could not eat it).

I. ii. 48. **divided draught.** Both drinking out of one cup.

I. ii. 50. **huge.** Great in rank.

I. ii. 52. Lest they should discover where to stab. *Notes* is used quibbling in relation to *windpipe*.

I. ii. 54. **in heart.** Be cheerful.

I. ii. 56, 57. **keeps his tides.** Drinks.

I. ii. 94, 95. Why do you, out of thousands of men, have that loving name of my friends?

I. ii. 111–113. The joy seems to be driven out by the tears which it causes and which his eyes cannot keep away.

I. ii. 127 ff. A favorite form of entertainment in high Elizabethan society was the Masque. This had many forms, ranging from a mere masking of guests to an elaborate dramatic performance. For masques somewhat like this present one, with a boy prologue, cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 158, and *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 3.

I. ii. 139. **Like** is the adjective.

I. ii. 142. **drink those men.** *I.e.*, drink their wine.

I. ii. 145. **depraved.** Slandered.

I. ii. 159. **doubt me.** Suspect.

I. ii. 163. In the Folio, except in this scene, the Steward is not called *Flavius*, but is named merely by his title. Dr. Wright, partly agreeing with Mr. Fleay, argues plaus-

ibly that it was the second author who called him Flavius, appropriating the name from one of the underservants. For in II. ii. 194 the Folio reads *Flavius* where another servant must be meant, and where modern editors, for consistency, have substituted *Flaminius*. The second author apparently let *Flavius* stand in II. ii. 194 by oversight, but thenceforth substituted *Flaminius* as the servant's name, recalling that he had appropriated *Flavius* for the steward.

I. ii. 168. A quibble on *cross*, a coin (stamped with a cross).

I. ii. 170. **for his mind.** On account of his nobility of mind.

I. ii. 176. **advance.** Honor by wearing.

I. ii. 180. The Senators here announced do not appear — a sign either of bungling composition or of mangling of the text.

I. ii. 206. **their.** Lenders'.

I. ii. 210. Than one who has friends who are worse than enemies.

I. ii. 223. **call to you.** Call on you, at your house.

I. ii. 229. **It comes in charity.** To give to you is true charity. — **living.** Means of living.

I. ii. 231. **defil'd.** A poor quibble on Timon's *pitched* on the basis of the current proverb (from *Ecclesiasticus*, xiii, 1) that pitch defiles.

I. ii. 237. **serving of becks.** Making bows.

I. ii. 238. **legs.** Bows, with a quibble.

I. ii. 255. **heaven.** Good advice, by which Timon might be saved.

II. i. The vigorous and condensed style indicates

Shakespeare's authorship, perhaps with some slight corruptions.

II. i. 10. It was a part of the business of a porter to keep out undesirable persons.

II. i. 12, 13. **no reason . . . safety.** No reasoning can make his condition appear safe.

II. i. 29. **visage of demand.** A demanding visage. This is a common Shakespearean construction — *of* with a noun when we should use an adjective.

II. i. 31. **gull.** A pun — the word means both an unfledged nestling and a dupe.

II. i. 34. **"I go, sir!"** Perhaps this repetition is due to a printer's error.

II. i. 35. **And have the dates in compt.** Take careful note of the dates of the bonds.

II. ii. It seems pretty certain that this scene is Shakespeare's except ll. 47–132, and equally certain that these are the other author's. The servants are sent away in l. 46, but then are kept on the stage for some merely coarse talk with Apemantus and with a Page and Fool who do not appear elsewhere. Moreover, the Page has some letters which serve no purpose in the play; the servants (ll. 101–102) call their masters, who seem really to be Senators, usurers; and Apemantus (l. 94) speaks of going to Timon's when he is already there.

II. ii. 4. **nor resume no care.** Nor assumes no care.

II. ii. 5, 6. The evident meaning is: Never was a mind so unwisely kind.

II. ii. 9. The servant is addressed by the name of his master. *Good even* was the customary form of salutation after noon.

II. ii. 12. **discharg'd.** Paid.—**I fear it.** I fear that we shall not be.

II. ii. 20. Repeatedly all this month.

II. ii. 23. That you will act in consistency with your other noble qualities.

II. ii. 55. **Come away.** Come on.

II. ii. 56. If, as some editors have thought, this is addressed to Varro's servant, it means, Apemantus has fastened the name of fool on you. If it is addressed to Apemantus, it alludes to the professional Fool's being about to join him.

II. ii. 71–73. An allusion to the treatment for unclean diseases. Because of the notorious reputation of ancient Corinth its name was applied in the Elizabethan period to houses of ill-fame.

II. ii. 93. Run away from my instruction, which would help you to salvation.

II. ii. 96. **If Timon stay at home.** There will be a fool there.

II. ii. 103. **to.** For.

II. ii. 117, 118. **artificial one.** The legendary "philosopher's stone," supposed to have the power of turning common metals into gold.

II. ii. 136. **As I had leave of means.** As my means allowed.

II. ii. 140, 141. And (you) made that disinclination your servant to excuse you.

II. ii. 146. **so much.** The indefinite expression. Cf. below, III. ii. 13, 26, 41.

II. ii. 153. Probably, all that you have now, rather than, the largest amount that you ever had.

II. ii. 167. **offices oppressed.** Servants' quarters overcrowded.

II. ii. 171. **wasteful cock.** Flowing spigot. Such emendations as "wakeful couch" are unnecessary and weak.

II. ii. 180. The play on words would be more evident because of the Elizabethan pronunciation of *feast*, namely *faist*.

II. ii. 187. **argument.** Contents, as an *argument* at the beginning of a book.

II. ii. 188. **frankly.** As frankly.

II. ii. 190. **crown'd.** Ennobled.

II. ii. 191. **That.** So that, as often.

II. ii. 196–204. Dr. Wright points out that if the words *I hunted . . . to Sempronius* are omitted, the rest of the passage can be read as verse, like the other Shakespearean parts of this scene. Restoring the *Flavius* of the Folio (see note, I. ii. 163), he would read the passage as follows: —

Timon. Within there! Flavius! Servilius!

Enter the Servants.

Ser. My lord?
My lord?
Tim. I will despatch you severally:
You to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you;
Commend me to their loves, and I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use 'em
Toward a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty talents.
Flav. As you have said, my lord.
Stew. Lord Lucius and Lucullus! Humh!

Dr. Wright thinks that the second author inserted the omitted words to make a connection with his earlier lines, I. ii. 192–197, and with III. iii, which Dr. Wright believes to be also by the second author, substituted by him for a scene by Shakespeare in which Ventidius was the central character. Dr. Wright's argument is too complicated for discussion here; but it seems probable (1) that Sempronius does not belong to the play as Shakespeare wrote it, and (2) that there is some interpolation or garbling in ll. 196–204 by the second author. See notes on III. i. and III. ii. As the rest of this scene and the three following now stand, there is confusion in the distribution of servants among the lords.

II. ii. 206. This is the first indication that Timon has performed great services to the city.

II. ii. 209. **most general.** Either (1) most comprehensive; or (2) least personal (least humiliating).

II. ii. 242. **free.** Generous.

III. i and ii. Many editors have ascribed these scenes to the second author, partly because they are in prose and partly because of their connection with II. ii. 196–204 (cf. note). If that passage is treated according to Dr. Wright's suggestion, these two scenes may well be assigned to Shakespeare. The action of the play calls for some such scenes, and their style is not clearly non-Shakespearean; except perhaps the final verse lines.

III. i. 19. **talents.** The Greek gold talent was equivalent to about $1200; but Shakespeare seems to use the word very loosely.

III. i. 55. An allusion to the idea (*e.g.*, the Parthians and Crassus) of killing a person by pouring melted gold down his throat.

III. ii. 13. **so many.** Probably intended as the vague phrase used by a person not certain of the details of the thing he is reporting. If so, Lucius' repetition of the words in l. 26 may be half contemptuous. But in l. 41 the phrase may be a misprint or bungling substitution for some definite figure. That this figure would have been *fifty* seems to be shown by II. ii. 202 and also by Lucius' *fifty-five hundred* in l. 43. For this latter figure may be reasonably explained as Lucius' pretended repetition of Servilius' words, purposely exaggerated to help to excuse the denial of the request. But in all three of these *so many* passages there may be evidence of uncertainty on the part of either writer (in that case not Shakespeare) or printer as to what the figure should be.

III. ii. 24. **his.** Lucullus'.

III. ii. 25. **mistook him.** Mistaken the respective obligations of Lucullus and me to himself (Timon) and so sent to me first.

III. ii. 53. **for a little part.** Apparently the passage is corrupt.

III. ii. 65. **use.** Borrow from.

III. ii. 73. An allusion to Judas, *Matthew*, xxvi, 23.

III. ii. 81. **in respect of his.** In comparison with Lucius' property. Or possibly we should amend *his* to "this."

III. ii. 90, 91. Best explained simply as meaning: I would have given him half my property.

III. iii. Cf. note, II. ii. 196–204. The present text (like others) follows the Folio in its division of this scene into verse and prose, but the first twenty-four lines would read about equally well as prose.

III. iii. 12. *Thrice* is not certainly better than the

Folio reading *Thrive,* which would give more point to the fling at physicians — they get a patient's money and then leave him.

III. iii. 28–31. The passage is ambiguous, perhaps intentionally. *Politic* means crafty; *crossed,* (1) thwarted or (2) crossed out his debt or (3) signed with the cross; *him* in l. 31 may refer to *man* or the *devil.* We may understand the passage to mean either: The devil overreached himself, because the cunning which the devil gave man will enable man to escape the devil; or else: The wickedness of man will, by comparison, make the devil seem innocent.

III. iv. The proper names in the first stage direction, and that of *Philotus,* who enters later, are those of the masters of the men who actually appear here. (Cf. II. ii.) That this scene is the work of the second author is evident not only from the style but from the fact that the masters in question (Lucius among them) are represented as being money lenders and Timon's creditors as well as his former beneficiaries — a piece of bungling.

III. iv. 50. **eat.** This is Shakespeare's regular form for the past tense of this verb (pronounced *ĕt*).

III. iv. 63–65. Who can more properly speak without restraint than he who has only the unlimited open air to speak in?

III. iv. 74. Understand *who* after *chambers.*

III. iv. 75. **it.** His condition.

III. iv. 90, 91. Timon puns on the word *bill,* which sometimes means a halberd.

III. iv. 112, 113. The Folio reads: *and Sempronius Vllorxa: all.* The word *Vllorxa* is unintelligible.

III. v. Almost certainly by the second author. For

the whole stage direction at the beginning it might be better to accept the emendation of Dyce, who has: *The Senate sitting*, and then after l. 4, *Enter Alcibiades, attended.* For the banishment of Alcibiades in l. 98 is not plausible as the act of only three Senators.

III. v. 22. **behave.** Govern, control (F., *bchoove*). Hanmer: *behave in's.* It has been suggested to read: —

He did behave, his anger was, ere spent.

III. v. 24. You undertake to prove too difficult a paradox.

III. v. 28. **Upon.** We should say "under."

III. v. 36, 37. The frequent rhyming couplets at the ends of speeches are likely to be conventional and sometimes weak in sense, even in Shakespeare's own work. This one, incapable of rational paraphrase, is quite worthy of the second author.

III. v. 48. **bearing.** A pun on the meaning *bearing children.* — **carry it.** Have the award.

III. v. 57. **angry.** The letter *r* (medial) was often so prolonged in Shakespeare's time as to add a syllable to its word. Here *angry* is trisyllabic.

III. v. 99. The mention of *usury* seems to be a rather feeble effort of the second author's to connect Alcibiades' grievance against the Senate with Timon's.

III. v. 105. **Only in bone.** As mere skeletons.

III. v. 115. **lay for hearts.** Try to win the affection of men (the soldiers) rather than to serve ungrateful Senators who are mere bones (l. 105).

III. vi. Timon's last speech seems certainly by Shakespeare; the rest of the scene is without distinction of style,

and seems doubtful. The words of the Second Lord in ll. 45–51 suggest that he is Lucius, though it is natural to assume that Timon sent requests for loans to others of his friends than the three of Act III, scenes i–iii.

III. vi. 38. **to't.** A pun suggested by *trumpet.*

III. vi. 52. Either (1) your memory of better (more important) things; or (2) your memory, which might be better occupied: or (3) perhaps *better* is only used strongly for *good.*

III. vi. 70. Can Timon keep up this expense?

III. vi. 75, 76. **a city feast.** A formal feast.

III. vi. 80. Understand "something" after *still.*

III. vi. 89. **foes.** The Folio reading *Fees* might be defended as suggesting that the guilty men are sacrifices due to the gods, or perhaps that all men are the property of the gods.

III. vi. 90. **lag.** Fag-end. "Tag" has also been suggested as an emendation for the Ff. *legge.*

III. vi. 131. **stones.** This word seems to be a survival from the old play, where the feast consists not of warm water but of stones painted like artichokes, which Timon throws at the guests. Possibly, however, *stones* refers to the dishes which modern editors suppose Timon to throw at the guests (stage direction, l. 111).

IV. i. Shakespeare's, as all agree.

IV. i. 10. **Bound servants.** Those articled to their masters for a term of years.

IV. i. 17. **domestic awe.** Family order.

IV. i. 34. Apparently he here throws away part of his clothing.

IV. i. 36. **more kinder.** Shakespeare often uses a double comparative or superlative.

IV. ii. Probably Shakespeare's through l. 29; the rest almost certainly not his.

IV. iii. The style shows that this scene, painful as it is, is mostly Shakespeare's. The pointlessly abusive lines 292–362 are evidently an insertion of the second author's. The authorship of 363–375 seems doubtful. It has been said that Shakespeare would not keep Apemantus on the stage after such a climax as ll. 374–375; but on the other hand the stone-throwing in 375 is from Lucian, whom the second author does not elsewhere use. Lines 464–478, unless corrupted, are probably also the second author's; as well as possibly the somewhat anticlimactic 509–529; and indeed the halting meter of the whole passage 464–529 does not seem to be Shakespeare's in its present state.

IV. iii. 2. **below thy sister's orb.** Everywhere below the moon, where men breathe.

IV. iii. 5, 6. **touch.** Conditional — if they are endowed with different fortunes.

IV. iii. 6–8. *Nature* in l. 6 is human nature, in l. 8, natural affection. Human nature, besieged as it is by all evils, endures great fortune only by discarding natural feeling.

IV. iii. 9–11. Raise this beggar to fortune and deny it to that lord; contempt will then seem the hereditary distinction of the senator, and honor native to the beggar.

IV. iii. 27. **idle votarist.** Insincere suppliant. "I really want roots, not gold."

IV. iii. 28. **this.** Gold. As he speaks he spades up some of the gold coins or ingots.

IV. iii. 32. An allusion to the habit of shortening people's death-pangs by taking the pillows from under their heads.

IV. iii. 42. **puts odds.** Causes dissensions.

IV. iii. 44. **Do thy right nature.** *I.e.*, cause dissensions. — **quick,** alive. Timon decides to use the gold in doing harm, but hides it temporarily.

IV. iii. 45. **go.** Walk, as often in Shakespeare.

IV. iii. 72–75. Timon wishes Alcibiades to maintain his opinion that all men are false in friendship. But, however Alcibiades may act, he deserves curses, since he is a man.

IV. iii. 84–87. Reference is made to the treatment of certain diseases by sweating and dieting.

IV. iii. 94, 95. This should have been made prominent earlier in the play.

IV. iii. 108. One of the basal ideas of medieval astrology was that of the direct influence of the planets, some for good, some for evil, on men.

IV. iii. 116. **window-bars.** The lacing of the bodice.

IV. iii. 134. And a bawd forswear making whores.

IV. iii. 144. **and thatch your poor thin roofs,** etc. *I.e.*, put on false hair.

IV. iii. 156, 157. That scolds against the frailty of human nature, without any sincerity.

IV. iii. 159, 160. To provide for his individual advantage smells away from (deserts) the public advantage.

IV. iii. 183. **crisp heaven.** Schmidt understands the adjective as referring to the curled clouds.

IV. iii. 209. By assuming the profession of a cynic.

IV. iii. 220–231. Cf. *King Lear*, III. ii. 1–9 and iv. 105–114.

IV. iii. 242–247. *Willing misery* refers to the attitude indicated in ll. 239–240. A state of misery, if one is contented with it, lasts longer than one of pomp and sooner brings satisfaction. One in a state of pomp is always

wishing for more, never satisfied, while one in contented misery has attained his ambition (*high wish*). The best worldly condition, without content, is worse than the most miserable with content.

IV. iii. 252, 253. **proceeded The sweet degrees.** Advanced along the pleasant steps.

IV. iii. 254. **drugs.** Folio has *drugges*, another spelling for "drudges." The meaning then may be (1) material things or (2) poor persons.

IV. iii. 260. The construction of the sentence changes at the end of this line; ll. 261–266 are grammatically parenthetical and the original construction is resumed in 266.

IV. iii. 262. Understand " for " after *employment*.

IV. iii. 275, 276. Dr. Johnson, remarking on these lines in which " Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns," adds, " I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble."

IV. iii. 312. **after his means.** After his means were gone.

IV. iii. 330 ff. Reminiscent of the medieval beast-tales, where the lion was represented as king of the beasts. But Topsell's *Historie of Foure Footed Beasts*, 1607, shows that at least two of the details belong to general popular lore.

IV. iii. 338–340. It was thought that the unicorn often brought about its own destruction by running its horn fast into a tree when charging its opponent.

IV. iii. 356. The Poet and the Painter do not actually enter for nearly 200 lines — another case of careless interpolation by the second author.

IV. iii. 376. Dr. Wright points out that, if ll. 292–375 be regarded as an interpolation of the second author, l. 376 links readily with l. 291.

IV. iii. 384. **Mars.** Evidently an allusion to the intrigue of Mars with Venus.

IV. iii. 408. **shall's.** Shall we (us).

IV. iii. 419. **meat.** Hanmer's emendation " men " has been adopted by many editors.

IV. iii. 438. Give you examples of thievery. Anders (*Shakespeare's Books*, p. 58) observes that this and the following lines seem to be reminiscent of Ronsard's *Odes*, IV, 31.

IV. iii. 442, 443. Since the tides are caused by the moon, the sea may be said to steal them from the moon.

IV. iii. 461–463. It will be time enough to give up stealing when peace (unfavorable for stealing) comes.

IV. iii. 473. How exactly does Timon's case fit this time, when we have been advised to love our enemies.

IV. iii. 491. **give.** Give way to tears.

IV. iii. 495. Cf. IV. ii. 50.

IV. iii. 499. **mild.** The Folio reading, *wilde*, insane, is not certainly wrong.

V. i. The scene is evidently Shakespeare's, with the very possible exception of ll. 1–57.

V. i. 26, 27. **his act.** Its action, *i.e.*, performance. A thing is more interesting when promised than when actually performed.

V. i. 28. **deed of saying.** Doing what you say you will do.

V. i. 55. Perhaps the punctuation would be better if a pause were indicated after *worship* and none at the end of the line.

V. i. 88. **natural.** *I.e.*, false, hypocritical.

V. i. 109–114. In substance, " Each of you is a villain, so that when each is alone he is with a villain (*two in company*) and when both are together there are visibly two villains."

V. i. 117. **that.** This blow.

V. i. 143. **consent of love.** Loving agreement.

V. i. 150, 151. **hath sense . . . Timon.** Foresees its own fall because of having refused aid to Timon.

V. i. 151. **it.** *It* is occasionally found in Elizabethan writers as a possessive, especially in the expression *it own*.

V. i. 152. **sorrowed render.** Sorrowful confession, or, offer of sorrow.

V. i. 168. An allusion to Psalm lxxx. 13.

V. i. 191. **nothing.** Death.

V. i. 202. **aches.** Dissyllabic; cf. note, I. i. 257.

V. i. 228. **nature.** His nature.

V. ii. Probably Shakespeare's.

V. ii. **painfully discover'd.** Disclosed to our sorrow (the strength of Alcibiades).

V. ii. 7. *Whom* does not parse, because Shakespeare, as often, changes the construction at the end of this line.

V. ii. 13. Alcibiades made war on Athens partly to avenge Timon's wrongs.

V. iii. Probably by the second author. Lines 3 and 4 have given much difficulty. For *rear'd* (l. 4) the Folio has *reade*. Some critics believe the two lines are a sign which Timon has hung on a tree. *There does not live a*

man, if a part of Timon's inscription, would mean: no true man is left alive.

V. iv. Evidently Shakespeare's.

V. iv. 9. **crouching marrow.** Resolution ready to spring.

V. iv. 10. **breathless.** *I.e.*, frightened.

V. iv. 14. **conceit.** Fancy. This passage is not consistent with III. v.

V. iv. 35. **spotted.** Stained, guilty souls.

V. iv. 70–73. These lines are almost exactly reproduced from North's Plutarch, where they are given as two different reported epitaphs of Timon. They are obviously contradictory, and perhaps Shakespeare copied them tentatively, meaning to choose between them later.

The play leaves it doubtful whether Timon died a natural death, worn out by the conflict of his emotions, or committed suicide.

Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

I. i. 1. s. d. *others*] Malone; *Mercer* Ff.
21. gum, which oozes] Johnson; gowne, which uses Ff.
25. chafes] Theobald; chases Ff.
40. man] Theobald; men Ff.
87. slip] Rome; sit Ff.
241. my angry will] Deighton; no angry wit Ff.
256, 257. there! Aches] Capell; their Aches Ff.
ii. 29. ever] Rowe; verie F_1.
119. s. d. *Tucket, within*] Clark and Wright; *Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with, etc.* (*as at* 136) Ff.
127. s. d. *Enter Cupid*] Capell; *Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies* Ff.
131. The ear] Warburton *conj.*; There Ff.
132. and smell] Rann; smell Warburton *conj.*; all Ff.
157. [*Lady*] *Lord* Ff.

II. i. 13. found] Hanmer; sound Ff.
35. in compt] Theobald; in. Come Ff.
ii. 1. etc. [*Flav.*] Rowe; *Steward* Ff.
10. etc. [*Serv.*] Malone; Ff. *omit.*
38. date-broke] Steevens; debt, broken Ff.
194. [Flaminius] Rowe; Flavius Ff.

III. ii. 72. spirit] Theobald; sport Ff.
iii. 20. I] Neilson; it Ff.
iv. 113. [Ventidius] Grant White; Vllorxa F_1; F_2 *omits.*
v. 22. behave] Rowe; behoove Ff.
49. felon] Johnson (Theobald *conj.*); fellow Ff.
63. I . . . he has] Globe; Why . . . he's F_1.
vi. 37. harshly. O] Dyce (Grant White *conj.*); harshly o' Ff.
89. foes] Hanmer; fees Ff.
90. lag] Rowe; legge Ff.
IV. i. 21. let] Hanmer; yet Ff.
iii. 12. rother's] Collier; Brothers Ff.
116. window-bars] Steevens (Johnson *conj.*); window Barne Ff.
185. doth] Capell; do Ff.
223. moss'd] Hanmer; moyst Ff.
383. son and sire] Rowe; Sunne and fire Ff.
398. Moe] Hanmer; *Apem.* Moe Ff.
451. [no] Collier; Ff. *omit.*
437. villainy] Rowe; villaine Ff.
499. mild] Hanmer (Thirlby *conj.*): wilde F_1.
V. i. 150. sense] Rowe; since Ff.
223. sour] Rowe; foure Ff.
iii. 4. rear'd] Theobald; reade Ff.
iv. 55. Descend] F_2; Defend F_1.
62. render'd] Dyce; remedied Ff.

Glossary

abhor, protest against; I. i. 60.
abhorred, deserving of abhorrence; v. i. 63.
abroad, in war; III. v. 47.
admired, admiring; V. i. 54.
adoring of, honoring; I. ii. 150 (stage direction, in the Folio).
affect, care for; I. ii. 31, 221.
allowed, trusted, endowed; V. i. 165.
an, if; I. ii. 168, 250.
apperil, peril (not used anywhere in Shakespeare's undoubted work); I. ii. 32.
apprehension, interpretation; I. i. 211.
atone, reconcile; V. iv. 58.
attend, expect; III. v. 102.

banquet, dessert, as usual in Shakespeare; I. ii. 160.
bates, abates, lowers; III. iii. 26.
beagles, small hounds, hence, in IV. iii. 175, hunters (probably the women).
bear, carry off, win; I. i. 131.
births, things born; IV. iii. 183.
blood, nature, disposition; IV. ii. 38.
bounty, generosity; IV. ii. 41.
brave, fine; I. ii. 56.
breath'd, accustomed; I. i. 10.
broader, with less restraint; III. iv. 63.
buys out, atones for; III. v. 17.
by, beside; IV. iii. 366.

candied, congealed; IV. iii. 226.
canker, canker-worm; IV. iii. 49.
cap, chief; IV. iii. 363.
cap-and-knee, with caps off and knees on the ground (*i.e.*, fawning); III. vi. 107.
caudle, refresh. (A caudle was a hot stimulant or restorative); IV. iii. 226.
ceas'd, stopped, put off; II. i. 16.
charge, commission (as a dun); III. iv. 25.
cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 223.
close, enclosure; V. i. 208.
cog, cheat; V. i. 98.
coil, fuss; I. ii. 236.
comfortable, cheerful, comforting; III. iv. 71; IV. iii. 498.
comma, a small part of a sentence; I. i. 48.
composture, manure; IV. iii. 444.
con, " c. thanks," give thanks; IV. iii. 428.
conceit, imagination; V. iv. 77.
conceive, understand; III. vi. 72.
conditions, natures, dispositions; IV. iii. 139.
confectionary, either candy-maker or place where candy is kept; IV. iii. 260.
confound, destroy; IV. iii. 392; V. i. 106.
confusion, destruction; V. iv. 52.
conscience, judgment; II. ii. 184.
consideration, reflection, regard; IV. iii. 196.
continuate, continuous; I. i. 11.
copies, examples (a metaphor from the use of copy-books in writing); III. iii. 32.
couch'd, laid, hid; II. ii. 181.
crisp, see note, IV. iii. 183.
curiosity, finical insistence on trifles, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.

dear, dearest, affecting one nearly in any way, either of love, hate, joy, or sorrow; I. i. 124; IV. iii. 192; V. i. 231.
depart, part; I. i. 263.
deprave, slander; I. ii. 145.
detested, detestable; III. vi. 104.
dich, do it (?); I. ii. 73.
discharge, pay; II. ii. 12.
discovery, exposure; V. i. 37.
dividant, divided; IV. iii. 5.
doit, trifle (originally a small Dutch coin equivalent to half an English farthing); I. i. 217.
doubt, suspect; I. ii. 159.
doubtfully, in ambiguous words (such as are always characteristic of oracles); IV. iii. 121.
draught, drain or privy; V. i. 105.

embossed, foaming; V. i. 220.
entertain, receive, keep; I. i. 252; IV. iii. 496.
entertain'd, received, looked after; I. ii. 191.
entertainment, hospitality, kindness; I. i. 45.
exceptless, which made no exception; IV. iii. 502.

fact, deed; III. v. 16.
fall, low ebb; II. ii. 214.
fang, tear with fangs; IV. iii. 23.
feign'd, pictured; I. i. 64, 229.
filths, strumpets; IV. i. 6.
flamen, priest; IV. iii. 155.
fond, foolish; I. ii. 65; III. v. 42.
form, good form, approbation; III. v. 27.
fracted, broken; II. i. 22.
fractions, broken hints; II. ii. 220.
free, generous; II. ii. 242.
from, away from; IV. iii. 533.

generation, breed, race; I. i. 204.
german, akin; IV. iii. 344.
glass-fac'd, see note, I. i. 58.
glib, smooth; I. i. 53.
gorge, "cast the g." be nauseated; IV. iii. 40.
gramercies, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
grave, serve as grave for; IV. iii. 166.
grief, grievance; V. iv. 14, 24.
grise, step, degree; IV. iii. 16.
gules, the heraldic and poetic name for *red;* IV. iii. 59.
gull, an unfledged bird (with a quibble); see note, II. i. 31.
gust, either (1) delight (taste), or (2) outbreak (as of wind); III. v. 54.

half-caps, half removing their caps; II. ii. 221.
harness, armor; I. ii. 53.
having, property, money; V. i. 18.
hazard, lot; V. iv. 34.
high-vic'd, full of vices; IV. iii. 109.
hips, the fruit of the wild brier; IV. iii. 422.
his, its; II. i. 30, etc.
hoar, make mouldy; IV. iii. 155. Some editors emend to *hoarse,* make hoarse. But cf. IV. iii. 35.
honest, honorable, worthy of respect; I. i. 128.
honesty, sometimes in the present-day sense, sometimes = honorableness, "generosity"; III. i. 30.
honourable, certain to be honored, obeyed; I. i. 97.
humour, caprice, peculiarity; I. ii. 26; III. vi. 122.
hungerly, hungrily; I. i. 262.
husbandry, management; II. ii. 164.
Hyperion, the sun; IV. iii. 184.

idle, trifling, slight; I. ii. 160.
imported, asked; V. ii. 11.

incertain, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
indifferent, fairly good, tolerable; I. i. 30.
infected, probably combines the ideas of affected and tainted (Deighton); IV. iii. 202.
inferr'd, stated; III. v. 73.
influence, inspiration (originally a technical astrological term, the power "flowing in" to anything or any one from a planet); V. i. 66.
ingeniously, ingenuously, without reserve; II. ii. 230.
intending, pretending (as often in Shakespeare); II. ii. 219.
it, its; V. i. 151.

jurors on, swearers against; IV. iii. 345.

kindly, natural (with a pun on *kind,* which follows); II. ii. 226.

lag, lowest class; see note, III. vi. 90.
liberal, prodigal; III. iii. 41.
limited, allowed; IV. iii. 431.
lively, in lifelike fashion; V. i. 85.

made-up, complete; V. i. 101.
make, do; III. v. 46.
marbled, shining, or perhaps everlasting; IV. iii. 191. Cf. *Othello,* III. iii. 460.
marry, a disguised form of *Mary,* a weakened oath by the Virgin Mary; I. i. 83.
mast, acorns; IV. iii. 422.
medlar, a tree and fruit somewhat like the crab-apple, often mentioned by Elizabethan writers for the sake of the pun with *meddler*; IV. iii. 305.
meed, merit, desert; I. i. 288.
mere, absolute, unmodified; I. i. 166; IV. iii. 231.

merely, wholly, absolutely; IV. i. 32.
mettle, substance; IV. iii. 178.
minion, favorite; IV. iii. 80.
minute-jacks, generally supposed to be the same as "Jacks of the Clock" (*Richard II*, V. v. 60), mechanical manikins that struck the clock-bell; hence, time-servers; III. vi. 107.
moe, more; I. i. 41; II. ii. 117; IV. iii. 398.
motives, causers; V. iv. 27.
mountant, mounting; IV. iii. 135.
mystery, trade, profession; IV. i. 18; IV. iii. 458.

natural son, one given by birth, not adopted (Schmidt); IV. iii. 383.

oathable, to be trusted on oath; IV. iii. 135.
objects, objects of pity; IV. iii. 122.
observe, follow, be sycophant to; IV. iii. 212.
occasion, need, occupation; II. ii. 21; III. ii. 39; III. vi. 11.
offices, rooms where the work of a house is done; II. ii. 167.
operant, powerfully operative; IV. iii. 25.
ort, remnant, bit; IV. iii. 400.

page, be pages to, follow after; IV. iii. 224.
part, particular business; V. i. 123.
particular, personal profit; see note, IV. iii. 159.
passion, either (1) suffering, or (2) emotion (which will be aroused); III. i. 59.
patchery, clumsy hypocrisy (or roguery); V. i. 99.
perfumes, mistresses; IV. iii. 207.
pill, pillage; IV. i. 12.
ports, gates; V. iv. 55.
prefer, present; III. v. 34.

preferr'd, presented; III. iv. 49.
pregnantly, suggestively; I. i. 92.
present, immediate; V. ii. 4.
presently, immediately (so usually in Shakespeare); III. v. 103; III. vi. 38; IV. iii. 378.
presentment, presentation; see note, I. i. 27.
prevent, forestall; V. i. 206.
proof, impenetrability (of armor); IV. iii. 124.
properer, more peculiarly one's own; I. ii. 107.
properties, subjects (makes his property); I. i. 57.
propos'd, offered, tried to speak; II. ii. 137.
prosperous, propitious; V. i. 186.
provokes, calls forth, incites; I. i. 24.
push, pish! III. vi. 119.

quality, nature, hence cause (an unusual sense); III. vi. 117.
quarter, the lodgings assigned; V. iv. 60.
quillets, quibblings, subtleties; IV. iii. 155.
quit, freed (from misery, or from your company); IV. iii. 397.

rank'd, crowded; I. i. 65.
recoverable, capable of being retraced; III. iv. 13.
remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.
remotion, getting away, absence; IV. iii. 346.
render, account, confession; V. i. 152.
repair, come; III. iv. 68.
reproof, punishment; V. iv. 57.
repugnancy, opposition, resistance; III. v. 45.
resort, company; I. i. 127.
respect, careful consideration, reflection; IV. iii. 258.
respectively, respectfully; III. i. 7. (*Respectfully* was not used in Shakespeare's time.)
rother, horned beast (ox or cow); IV. iii. 12.

round, thorough, direct; II. ii. 8.
rout, rabble; IV. iii. 43.

salt, wanton; IV. iii. 85.
sans, without; IV. iii. 122.
serves, is favorable; I. i. 267.
severally, separately; II. ii. 196.
shall's, shall us, where modern grammar would require "shall we" (see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* 215); IV. iii. 408.
smooth'd, flattered, made easy; IV. iii. 17.
solidares, small coins (precise etymology not certain); III. i. 46.
something, somewhat; IV. iii. 55.
spilth, spilling, waste; II. ii. 169.
spital-house, hospital; IV. iii. 39.
square, just, as in present-day colloquial usage, though with fuller consciousness of the original idea — regular in shape; V. iv. 36.
starve, disable, destroy; I. i. 257.
stealth, stealing; III. iv. 27.
still, ever, always; I. i. 267, 268; II. i. 11; IV. iii. 521, etc.
strain, characteristic; IV. iii. 213.
strait, strict; I. i. 96.
strange, unfamiliar; IV. iii. 56.
sufferance, sufferings; V. iv. 8.
suit, be consistent; II. ii. 23.
suspect, suspicion; IV. iii. 519, 521.
swath, swathing-band; IV. iii. 252.

tendance, attendance; I. i. 80.
thorough, through (used indifferently); IV. iii. 492; V. i. 198.
tiring, feeding on (used literally of birds of prey); II. vi. 4.

told, counted; III. v. 107.
touch, touchstone; IV. iii. 390.
touch'd, tested with the touchstone; III. iii. 6.
toward, coming; III. vi. 68.
tract, trace; see note, I. i. 50.
travail'd in, labored under the weight of; V. i. 73.
travers'd, "t. arms," folded; (cf. *arms across, Lucrece,* 1662); V. iv. 7.
tub-fast, sweating and fasting as a cure for certain diseases; IV. iii. 87.

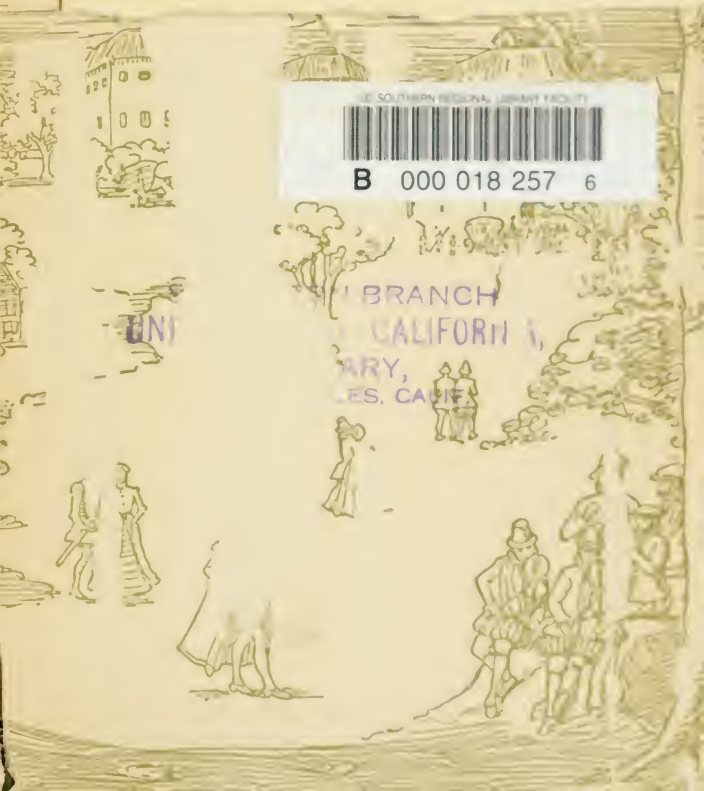
uncharged, unattacked, or perhaps (proleptically) unbarred; V. iv. 55.
unclew, unwind, ruin; I. i. 168.
unkind, unnatural; V. iv. 21.
unnoted, imperceptible; III. v. 21.
unthrift, unthrifty; IV. iii. 311.
use, need, necessity; II. i. 20; V. i. 209.

virtuous, either (1) reasonable, strong, or (2) due to worthy reasons (Timon's generosity); III. ii. 45.
visitation, visit; I. ii. 224; V. i. 20.
votarist, votary, suppliant; IV. iii. 27.
voic'd, praised; IV. iii. 81.
void, emit; I. ii. 143.
votarist, votary; IV. iii. 27.

wappen'd. Of doubtful meaning, perhaps = over-worn; possibly a misprint for "weeping"; IV. iii. 38.
wards, bolts; III. iii. 38.
water, transparency and luster; I. i. 19.
whittle, knife; V. i. 183.
wink, to shut the eyes; III. i. 47.
withal, at the same time, besides; V. i. 150.

This book is DUE on the l
date stamped b
2 1963

University of California, Los Angeles
L 007 117 678 8



SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
B 000 018 257 6

BRANCH
CALIFORNIA,
RY,
ES, CALIF.